

THE
Muses Mercury:
OR,
Monthly Miscellany.

Consisting of
Poems, Prologues, Songs, Sonnets, Translations,
and other Curious Pieces, Never before Printed.
By the Best and most Celebrated Hands;

WITH
The Ninth Epistle of *Boileau*.
Humbly address'd to the Right Honourable the Lord
High-Chancellor.
To which is added, An Account of the New Opera's and Plays.

For the Month of SEPTEMBER.

To be continu'd Monthly.




Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.

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Where are to be sold those for January, February, March, April, May, June,
July, August, &c.

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 If any Gentlemen will assist us in our Undertaking, we desire they will direct whatever they send us, in Prose or Verse, to Mrs. Sheffield, at the Temple-Coffee-house in Fleetstreet; or to Mr. Andrew Bell, Bookseller, at the Cross-Keys and Bible in Cornhill

T H E

Muses Mercury :

O R,

Monthly Miscellany.

For the Month of SEPTEMBER.

WE cannot entertain the Town better, at the Opening of the most Important Assembly that ever met in this Island, the Parliament of *Great Britain* United, than by publishing a Poem wherein the Author has attempted to celebrate the Praise of one of the greatest Men our Age has produc'd, who was eminently instrumental in bringing that happy *Union* to a Conclusion, which has render'd this Meeting to be the most August that ever was known in *Britain*. An Island that from the Beginning of Times has been embroil'd and weaken'd by the Divisions among the Natives, who are all now happily reconcil'd in their Interests and Affections, except a few Murmurers; which every State will always be disturb'd with, while Men are covetous, proud and revengeful, and the Revenge, Pride and Avarice of every Man is not to be satisfy'd.

C c

The

The Ninth Epistle of *Boileau*.

Humbly Address'd to

The Right Honourable *William* Lord *Cooper*, Baron of
Wingham, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

By *J. O.*

COOPER, *How foolish wou'd that Author be,
 Who brought false Praise and Flattery to thee,
 Who from the Tygris to the Thames wou'd bear
 Thy Name to catch Thee in the Poet's Snare?
 Thy searching Judgment wou'd the Fraud despise,
 And breaking thro' the Net the Cheat chastise.*

*Not thus those trivial Talents who delight
 In the dull Praises of a Parasite,
 Are tickl'd with a Songster's soothing Lies,
 And love to hear him lift 'em to the Skies:
 Who never think themselves so highly grac'd,
 As when in Durley's Upper Story plac'd:
 Such fulsom Panegyricks you detest,
 Yet wou'd not sullenly refuse the best.
 Nor like some surly Politicians spurn
 The Hand that brings it, and his Zeal return
 With loud Reproaches, or with silent Scorn.
 Praise shou'd be fine, and delicately writ;
 The same that you, and such as you permit.
 When from the modest Bards officious Song,
 There rises no Perfume which smells too strong.
 A Novice, of his Incense too profuse,
 Will often, whom he wou'd commend, abuse,
 With borrow'd Wreaths his Hero's Temple grace,
 Give a Back-blow, and strike him in the Face.*

*Thus the French Poets in a pompous Strain,
May talk of Tesses Victories in Spain,
Of Villeroy's mighty Conquests and Anjou's,
And Leak retreating from the bold Tholouse:
Of Mordaunt beaten, and Eugene deceiv'd,
And Brabant by Bavaria releiv'd.*

*A Man of Worth who is himself sincere,
No counterfeit Applause will deign to hear:
As if some wretched Author shou'd pretend,
Your Deeds of Arms and Triumphs to commend,
Instead of Painting, your unwear'd Zeal
For Anna's Service, and your Country's Weal,
Your Wisdom, Vigilance, and solid Sense,
Your Equity and charming Eloquence,
Your Learning and your Love of Arts, suppose,
Like Mars, he drew you driving on your Foes;
Like Alexander at the Granic Flood,
Or stern Achilles stain'd with Trojan Blood;
Instead of making you as good, as great,
A true Mecænas in the British State,
Shou'd he a lab'ring Hercules design,
You'd cry the Picture's Churchill's, and not mine:
And since she did so ill her Patron chuse,
Impose eternal Silence on the Muse.
A noble Soul is with its self content,
Like Beauty needs no Foreign Ornament;
It scorns by others Merit to be rais'd,
Or for another's Virtues to be prais'd.*

*What if a Coxcomb who his Man mistook,
Shou'd say when I am sick, How well you look.
What Service wou'd it be, I still shou'd feel
The Fever, and be ne'er the sooner well.
Nothing but Truth is lovely, nothing fair,
And nothing pleases us but Truth is there.*

The Muses Mercury,

Truth shou'd direct the Poets fruitful Vein
 In all things, even in the Fable reign;
 For Fiction by a Falshood well-design'd,
 Conveys some sacred Truth into the Mind;
 Or else 'tis cold, impertinent and vain;
 The Dream of a distemper'd Poets Brain.
 Why, but that Truth with ev'ry Tast agrees,
 Shou'd Satyrs more than other Poems please!
 Satyr, whose Numbers are not always sweet,
 For Language elegant, nor Turn polite;
 For Reason she'll with rugged Rhimes dispense,
 And never for the Sound neglect the Sense.
 Truth reigns, and Nature still prevails o'er Art,
 'Tis that which strikes the Eye, and moves the Heart;
 In equal Scales she Good and Evil weighs,
 And can't a Scoundrel for a Cæsar praise.
 A Satyrift, whose Heart directs his Head,
 Says only what he to himself has said;
 And tho his Metre may be good or ill,
 In e'vy Couplet there's some meaning still.
 'Tis by this Meaning that he makes his way,
 We wish we cou'd the same of Westley say;
 Of Heaps of idle Tales, and Taking Plays,
 Of Sonnets, new Adventures, and Essays.
 Where Readers by the Titles are misled,
 And much is often spoke, but nothing said.

Satyr her self that shou'd be so sincere,
 As well as any other Muse, may err.
 No Soul's so just, but by a nicer View,
 Some Part or other may be found untrue.
 In our own Figures to be seen we fear,
 Leave Nature all of us, and Vizards wear.
 The most Sincere displease as oft by this,
 For no Man dares appear for what he is.

*Ton Wight, whom all who know his Weakness shun,
And fly him as they would from Mischief run ;
Who, when he fixes on a Person, stays,
And tattles till another takes his Place ;
Has Sense enough, and is by Nature sad,
As gay, as he affects to seem, and glad ;
His Joy but rarely rising from his Heart,
Obliges him to over-act his Part :
He shocks you with Civility, as such
Displease you most, who strive to please too much.
Nature by Study and by Art is spoil'd,
While ev'ry thing is charming in a Child :
Its little Tongue, scarce loosen'd from its Place,
Lisps out its Thoughts, and what it thinks it says ;
It utters all its Soul without Disguise,
But errs betimes, and mixes Truth with Lies.
Nature or Truth instructs us when it charms,
But Falshood neither pleases nor informs :
Nature's in all things what we first admire,
But Falshood, be it ne'er so fine, will tire.
A Soul by Nature sullen and morose,
E'en pleases, when its genial Bent it shows.
Each Man, if taken in himself, would pass ;
'Tis when he mimicks others, he's an Ass.
His Air shou'd always with himself agree,
Another's only can offend in me.*

*When Dorimant the generous and kind,
The great and rich in all things but his Mind,
Who for his lovely Ignorance was fam'd,
Kept to his Talents, he was never blam'd :
He lately is a mighty Doctor grown,
The first and fiercest Critick in the Town ;
Of Poems and of Poets too the Flail,
And none without his Favour can prevail.*

'Tis

The Muses Mercury,

'Tis for the Musick that he sees the Play,
 And visits for the Verse the Opera:
 He flies to Tamerlane to hear the Tunes,
 And for sound Reason to Arsinoe runs.
 Thus whether of a Scene or of a Song,
 He still will judge, and still is in the wrong.
 To a vile Copy he has the Luck to fall,
 Who late himself was an Original.

Pride and affected Knowledge less advance
 A Man's Desert than humble Ignorance.
 Truth, as it pleas'd at first, will always please,
 While Falsehood's fading Pleasures quickly cease.
 In vain a Mimick, or a Stage-Buffoon,
 Breaks his rude Jest, and reads his lewd Lampoon;
 And strives to make his lavish Patron laugh
 When their full Bowls with filthy Mirth they quaff.
 His vile Grimaces, and his beastly Jest
 May serve some Country Cully's drunken Feasts;
 But take and prove him by himself you'll find,
 His Wit and Worth were Impudence and Wind:
 Bring him to Reason, and you'll see him turn
 To Dirt, a gloomy Wretch below your Scorn.
 Give me a Man who's witty, gay, and free,
 Of whom we like the more, the more we see;
 Who lays his Bosom open to our Sight,
 For Virtue only can endure the Light:
 Vice shuns the Day, and seeks the dusky Shade,
 Like Ghosts, and Wizards of the Morn, afraid:
 We learnt our Thoughts, our Humours to disguise,
 And lost the Freedom of our Minds by Vice.

Man in old Times by painful Labour liv'd,
 And ne'er deceiving never was deceiv'd;
 E'er Perjury was to the Norman known,
 And Nations were by Wiles and Words undone;

No Sophist could by Logick then devise
A Secret to confound the Truth with Lies;
Nor Orator so well his Words could range,
As Falshood into seeming Truth to change.
But Wealth and Plenty soon the World misled,
And Vanity by Idleness was bred.
Man growing rich, affected to be great,
To shine with borrow'd Airs, and live in State :
Gay Dress'es, gilded Chariots, and a Train
Commenc'd, and Vice began her gaudy Reign.
For Pearls the Merchant search'd the Indian Shore,
The Rocks for Rubies, and the Mines for Ore :
Silks on the Loom in various Figures lie,
And Tyrian Purple stains the native Die.
The Ladies smooth the Wrinkles on their Brows
By Art, and to the Lilly add the Rose.
The plaister'd Beauties hide their pale Disease,
And make themselves as handsome as they please.
Then Courts were fill'd with Crouds of cringing Slaves,
And Men were made, by Lust of Money, Knaves :
Thus Flattery abounding, and Deceit,
The World became an universal Cheat.
But of all Cheats, Apollo's Sons the worst,
Grew frail, and were infected with the first :
The spotless Paper they with Lies defil'd,
And Truth's pure Image by base Fiction soil'd :
Odes, Stanza's, Prologues, Mercenary Lays,
Long Fustian Dedications, fill'd with Praise.
Where the kind Hero who was ne'er in War,
Tho squinting, or one-ey'd, is deem'd a Star.

Not that by any thing I've said, I strive
The World of Praise unjustly to deprive.
Praise is the Life, the very Soul of Song,
The richest Tribute of the tuneful Throng ;

The Muses Mercury,

*The Muses sweetest Pleasure, and the best,
 To you, My LORD, and such as you addrest;
 Where nothing gross or fulsome shocks the Ear,
 But what a Man of Worth may speak or hear.
 Praise which on virtuous Actions is bestow'd,
 Has in all Times with Reason been allow'd:
 A rare Perfume, whose Aromatick Smell,
 Invites the Reader to deserve as well:
 'Tis only then offensive, when apply'd
 To favour Vanity, or flatter Pride.
 But when you can a modest Author trust,
 One who to Decency and Truth is just;
 You freely may his faithful Praises hear,
 And nothing to offend your Virtue fear.
 Nor need we seek for Virtues in the Skies,
 To speak your Worth so many strike our Eyes.
 The Glory You, the Guardian of our Laws,
 Who hold the Scales of Justice with Applause:
 Cou'd we apt Words and equal Phrases find,
 To tell the Wonders of your lab'ring Mind.
 Cou'd we your known Integrity relate,
 Or how a thousand ways you serve the State:
 How bravely in the Breach you oft have stood,
 And war'd with Faction for your Country's Good;
 You, who a flattering Picture hate to view
 Without Displeasure, wou'd behold a true.
 E'en Churchill, whose victorious Brow appears
 Less dreadful to the French than Flatterers,
 Churchill himself would not disdain to see
 True Draughts of Blenheim, or of Ramillye;
 Nor a bright Image of his Deeds disown,
 By Garth design'd, or drawn by Addison.
 But a dull Poet, who with senseless Songs
 Assaults him, and his mighty Conquests wrongs;
 In vain his Fustian Enlogies would bring,
 And cry aloud,--- Arms and the Man I sing.*

With

*With Scorn he'd look upon the worthless Page,
And fling it from him with judicious Rage;
Thence falling to the Groom or Coachman's Lot.
It may a while be thumb'd, and then forgot.*

THE following Piece will, we doubt not, be welcome to the Curious, it being the most authentick Judgment of this noble Lord's sublime Qualities, given by the best and greatest Prince in the World, whose Royal Wisdom was not more ready to distinguish, than Her Favour to reward his Merit.

The Preamble to the Lord Chancellor's Patent of a Baron.

CUM Rei-publicæ interfit, ut de eadem bene meriti idoneis Honoribus insignirentur, nobisq; innotuerit Gulielmum Cowper, concessionibus Caroli Primi Avi nostri hæreditario descensu Angliæ & Scotiæ Baronettum magni Sigilli nostri Angliæ Custodem; sub præcarissimi Fratris nostri Regis Gulielmi Tertii Memoriam nunquam perituræ, nostroque Regimine tam consiliarium Regium in legibus Angliæ peritum, quam Senatorem in Domo inferiori Parlamento Angliæ integritate animiq; constantiam Coronæ legibus stabilitæ Libertatiq; feliciter restauratæ simul, ut par est, deservisse: Posteaq; Titulo & Officio custodis magni Sigilli Angliæ Gratiâ nostrâ, non suo Ambitu, auctum, id Officium fide incorruptâ *Diligentiâ & Industriâ non culpandis*, debitâq; erga nos observantiâ exercuisse, potiusq; *Reipublicæ quam privatae*, justitiæq; splendori quam suo, consuluisse, pro servitiis deniq; Coronæ nostræ impensis & impendendis.

D d

We

WE are very much oblig'd to the Gentleman who sent us the *Westminster-Verses*, which are too good to want any Recommendation from us; and we shall be oblig'd to him, if he will continue us the Favour of his Assistance. We have enough bad Things sent us, but the good come too sparingly. We wish Gentlemen would consider, this Design had never been undertaken, had it not been for their Diversion; that those who are concern'd in it, are very far from consulting so mean a thing as their Interest only; and that what any one contributes to that, is nothing in Comparison with the Pleasure the Lovers of polite Letters will receive by it.

*The celebrated Westminster-Verses upon
the UNION.*

DUM Rosa purpureo suffunditur Ora rubore
Spina gravis nitidi Floris amore calet;
Protinus Armorum ponit pacatior Iras,
Et jam blanda suæ porrigit ora Rosæ:
Ut videt alternis ambas concurrere Votis,
Quæ regit Hortorum maxima Flora vices,
Felices jubet hinc coeunt in Fœdere utrisq;
Unus ut ex uno Stemmata surgat honos.
Tu Deus Æternum dixit, mea da Rosa Spina,
Et tu perpetuam protege Spina Rosam.

Thus Translated.

THE Rose with ruddy Beauty colour'd o'er,
The Thorn his Mistress makes, and courts the Flower,
Changes his rugged Mien, and uncouth Face,
And forms with tender Arms his soft Embrace.
Our Royal Flora, conscious of the Love,
And pleas'd to see the Union forward move,
Preserves with Princely Hand the growing Pair,
That from one Stem they happy Fruit may bear:

Thus

for the Month of September, 1707.

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*Thus one new Safety to the other gives,
And in return with borrow'd Beauty lives.*

TH O we are not permitted to tell the World from whom we received the following Poem, yet its Character will soon discover it came from no common Hand.

The PARTING.

CHloe once, in Face and Mind,
The best and brightest of her Kind,
In rural Gardens, Groves and Glades,
Flowry Fields and verdant Shades,
Did all her softer Hours improve
With Wit and Innocence, and Love;
Then Thyrsis wrapt in Joys Divine,
Was ever Passion bless'd like thine!

But soon alas! th' unconstant Fair
Did to the faithless Town repair,
Where lost in Visits, Pomp and Play,
And fondly trifling Life away,
The Promise of her Smiles she broke,
And all her perjur'd Eyes had spoke.

O Thyrsis, how can Words impart
The Pangs that tore thy faithful Heart!
When thus thou saw'st thy wasted Youth
Upbraided Vows and slighted Truth,
When thus! ----- but thy Resentments cease,
Let the fair Tyrant rest in Peace,
And in some humbler Beauty find,
A Love that's true, a Heart that's kind.

Prologue to the University of Oxford.

By Capt. S---l.

A Swand'ring Streams by secret Force return
 To that capacious Ocean whence they're born,
 So for their Doom their Toils our Poets bring
 To the fam'd Oxford where they learnt to sing,
 These happy Seats would rudest Minds inspire,
 And all that see must feel Poetick Fire;
 Aspiring Columns here, here beauteous Fields,
 Here all that Art, here all that Nature yields,
 Groves, Theatres, high Domes, and humble Shades,
 Bright Palaces, and intermingled Glades,
 Make the admiring Traveller debate
 Whether they're form'd for Solitude or State;
 While empty Pomp th' Inhabitants despise,
 With whom alone 'tis Greatness to be wise,
 Oh happy! and your Happiness who see!
 Where Innocence and Knowledge can agree!

Ye calm Spectators of a guilty Age,
 Pity the Follies of the World and Stage,
 Free from what either act, or represent,
 Weigh both the Character and the Intent,
 And know Men as they are; our Authors drew,
 But what they should be, we must learn from you.

A S O N G.

Written by a Gentleman at *Tunbridge*.

NO longer boast your healing Tides,
Or the Chalibears Stain,
When Chloris at these Springs presides,
They spend their Force in vain.

While for those Ills Relief is found,
Which we with Ease endure;
The heedless Patient feels the Wound,
No Mineral can cure.

So from the Heat the thirsty Swain
To the fresh Fountain flies;
There soon allays his former Pain,
But of a Fever dies.

THE Gentleman who wrote the next Verses, was concern'd in the Disposal of the Serjeants Rings at the last Call, and presented one of Mr. Serjeant *Parker's* to a Lady, which occasion'd the writing this Poem.

On Presenting a Lady with a Serjeant's
R I N G.

At the Last Call.

AS Doctors when they sell their Pills,
Give you a Catalogue of Ills,

Which

The Muses Mercury,

*Which they can cure : So I must sing
The Force and Virtues of my Ring.*

*This Engine we are forc'd to use,
When to surrender Maids refuse :
This is the Passport to our Bliss,
The Price of Maidenheads is this :
This brings a Consort and a Son,
Makes One of Two, and Two of One.*

*A Ring can lay a Virgin's Shame,
Make her do things she dare not name :
She that i' th' Morn won't bear a Touch,
At Night thinks nothing is too much.
Present her with this holy Sham,
She lies as quiet as a Lamb :
Thus still without a Golden Venture,
Into Elysium none can enter.*

*Our Ring has more than common Charms,
Nor only serves to fill your Arms :
While this you keep, ne'er mind the Laws,
You'll be successful in your Cause ;
Nor Tricks, nor Quirks, nor Wrangles fear,
Choose but the Man whose Ring you wear ;
Your Suit in ev'ry Court is won,
Make the same Choice the Queen has done.*

Mr. Serjeant
Parker.

*The fam'd Angelica cou'd boast,
A Ring of strange Success in Love ;
But many Gallants to their Cost,
A greater Force in this may prove.
You'll courted be, the † Motto shews,
By Lawyers, Soldiers, and by Beaus.*

† The Motto of the Serjeants Rings at this Call, *Legibus, Armis, Moribus.*

*If painful Sty molests your Sight,
And strive to eclipse the dazzling Light ;
This will restore your conq'ring Eyes,
And late repriev'd, the Lover dies.*

*Let it around your Finger move,
'Twill shew your Anger or your Love ;
Or change the Joint, or place it right,
And you'll remember Eight at Night.*

*A thousand different things it makes,
A thousand different Uses takes :
Now pleas'd you'll see the pliant Gold,
Your Lover's Hair and Cypher hold :
Now tho the Effects of that I fear,
Adorn your Neck, or grace your Ear.*

*'Twill conquer ev'ry thing but you,
And will as many Wonders do ;
No Magick Ring cou'd e'er do more,
But only that Hans Carvell more.*

**Advice to a Painter to draw *H. H.*
a *W-----n D-----r.***

By *J. C.*

D*Raw first an arrant Fop from Top to Toe,
And let his Dress and Air the Coxcomb shew :
Give him a slender Carcass, Aspect dull,
Clap Asses Ears upon the Blockhead's Scull :*

Draw

The Muses Mercury,

Draw him in all Appearance grave, as tho
The Fool would think but that he knows not how :
Then to supply the want of Common Sense,
Let him be well endow'd with Impudence.
There's but one Caution more I have to give,
The rest to thy ingenious Art I'll leave.
Take Care that he all other Fools surpass,
That Fools themselves may note him for an Ass.

To SYLVIA Bathing.

Written by a Gentleman at the Bath.

WHEN Sylvia in Bathing her Charms does expose
The pretty Bocquet dancing under her Nose,
My Heart is just ready to part from my Soul,
And leap from the Gallery into the Bowl.

Each Day I provide too

A Bribe for her Guide too,

And give her a Crown,

To bring me the Water where she has sat down.

Let sober Physicians think Pumping a Cure,

That Remedy's doubtful, but Sylvia is sure.

The Fiddlers I hire to play something sublime,

And all the while throbbing my Heart beats the Time :

She enters, they flourish, and cease when she goes,

Thus who 'tis addrest, strait e'ery one knows.

Wou'd I were a Vermin,

Call'd one of her Chair-men,

Or serv'd as a Guide.

Tho I shew'd, as they do, a damn'd tawny Hide :

Or else like a Pibble at bottom could lie,

To ogle her Beauties how happy were I.

Of

Of the Moon and her Taylor.

By Mr. T. Green of Cambridge.

THE Moon wants a Gown, and her Taylor must make it,
But he, honest Man, wou'd not dare undertake it;
Your Body, says he, Madam, looks well to Day,
But in a Weeks Time 'twill be half worn away,
Sometimes your Proportion is jolly and round,
Then as thin as a Candle of Twelve in the Pound;
You are crooked and strait, thick and thin at your Leisure,
And now, Madam, how can a Taylor take Measure.

A Petition to the French King.

Done from the French, by Mr. Oz---l.

TIS not for me, great Sir, to pry
Into th' Affairs of Royalty,
With busy Mind to learn
What only do's my Sovereign concern,
That were an unbecoming Curiosity.
Yet t'other Day, in Depth of Thought,
By Want and Misery wrought,
I fell to make an Estimate
Of all Your Majesty's immense Estate.

Your several Incomes, Sir, (if right I scan 'em)
Bring in a hundred Millions full per Annum;
Which (without Fractions) I may say
Produce a hundred thousand Crowns a Day,

E e

And

The Muses Mercury,

*Draw him in all Appearance grave, as tho
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E e

And

*And that (in pretty near Account)
Does to four thousand Crowns an Hour amount.*

*My Royal Master ! Wholly to repair
The Damage done my House last stormy Tear,
It would compleatly all my Loss restore,
If I might beg * One Quarter of an Hour.*

* 250 l.

W Hereas we have had a Letter sent us, concerning some Verses in a former Mercury, call'd, *A Dilemma on the Roman Eagle*, and have no other Opportunity to answer it, we take this, to desire the Gentleman who wrote it, to apply to the Author, and we are assur'd he will receive Satisfaction.

On Capt. -----going to the Wars in Flanders.

By Mrs. Behn.

A S O N G. To a Scotch Tune.

I.

W Hen Jemmy first began to love,
He was the finest Swain
That ever Flock on Mountain drove,
Or danc'd upon the Plain;
'Twas then that I, wa's me, poor Heart,
My Freedom threw away,
And finding Sweets in ev'ry Smart,
I cou'd not say him nay.

II.

And ever when he spoke of Love,
He wou'd his Eyes decline,
His ev'ry Sigh all Hearts did move,
Gu'd Faith, and why not mine.

for the Month of *September*, 1707.

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*He'd press my Hand, and kiss it oft,
His Silence spoke his Flame,
And while he treated me thus soft,
I wish'd him more to blame.*

III.

*Sometimes to feed my Flocks with him,
My Jemmy wou'd invite me,
Where he the gayest Songs would sing,
To flatter and delight me.
When Jemmy thus his Charms display'd,
They were enough I trow,
To conquer any Princely Maid,
As they did me I vow.*

IV.

*But now I must for Jemmy mourn,
Who to the Wars will go;
His Sheep-hook to a Sword must turn,
Alas, what shall I do!
His Bag-pipe into Warlike Sounds
Converted soon will be,
Instead of Garlands, fearful Wounds,
What then becomes of me.*

ASTRÆA.

THIS Poetess's true Name was *Apharra*, yet she in her Amorous and Poetical Characters, assum'd the *Nomme de Guerre* of *Astræa*: And thus we find this Song subscrib'd by her self, which shews it came from her heart, however imperfect it may be otherwise.

The Lawyer, the Two Clowns, and the Oyster.

A FABLE out of Boileau, imitated by J. H. Esq;

IN Cornwall once, or somewhere else,
In Devon, Somerset, or Wales,
Two Carters drove a Waggon;
And as they jogg'd along they found
An Oyster lying on the Ground,
That well was worth a Flaggon.

One said 'twas his, the other no,
And hungry both, they angry grow,
Till Blows were like to come on't;
At last the Under-Shrieve came by,
Who casting on the Fish an Eye
Long'd mightily for some on't.

To him the Clown referr'd the Case,
And told him how the Matter was,
I'll be your Arbitrator,
Quo' Scribble Scrabble; so he op'd
The Oyster fat, and at a Sup,
He swallow'd down the Creature.

He cry'd, and gave to each a Shell,
I think the Cause has ended well,
So Gentlemen good by t' yee:
'Tis thus with those that go to Law,
If on their Lands he sets a Paw,
Y' Faith, good Folks, good Night t' yee.

TH^O the Gentleman who sent us the Explanation of the last *Ænigma* would have won the Wager, had we laid as much upon it as Sir--- did upon *Toulon*; yet we should have conceal'd his Verses for our own Sakes, had we not prefer'd the Entertainment of the Publick to any other Consideration; and if the Author guesses as right this Time, we shall be ready to pay him what we have lost on Demand.

The *Ænigma* in the last *Mercury* explain'd.

That thing in the World of which we're all proud,
Is the Joy of the Court, and the Mirth of the Croud;
It tickles and bites, it poisons and cures,
And I know is some Talent, but fear 'tis not yours:
None grutch you your Share on't, nor think you abound,
Nor will seek for a thing where 'tis not to be found:
For twenty to one your *Ænigma* I hit,
Whoever's the Owner,— the Treasure is **WIT**.

ÆNIGMA.

I'M thick, I'm thin, I'm short and long,
And lov'd alike by Old and Young.
I make Diseases, and I heal,
And know what I shall ne'er reveal.
The fairest Virgin fraught with Pride,
No Beauty from my View can hide.
I rack the Miser, cure the Sot,
And make, and oft detect a Plot:
No Lover that would happy be,
Desires his Mistress more than me;
Yet tho a thousand Charms I have,
Next Step from me is to the Grave.

Of

*Of the New Opera's and Plays preparing for
the Theatres.*

THE Season for renewing the Pleasures of the Town advancing, the *Theatres* are open'd, and *Plays* acted at Both *Houses*; but such as have been so often play'd, that 'twill be no News to the World to hear of them; it may perhaps be some to know there are several *Opera's* doing from the *Italian*; but that which is in the greatest Forwardness, is *La Didone Delirante* of *Scarlatti*, which has been finish'd these two Months, is now learning by the Performers, and will be ready to be practis'd within three Weeks. We have Reason to know something of this *Opera*, but that Reason hinders us from Saying any more of it. 'Tis entirely *Scarlatti's*, and there's no body, who knows any thing of Musick, will desire any other Recommendation of it. The Names of the other *Opera's*, and whose Compositions they are, we have not yet learnt.

The Stage is promis'd three new *Tragedies* this Winter, one from Mr. Row, which we hear is finish'd, and that 'tis written on an *English* Story: Another from Mr. Dennis, and a third from Mr. Smith, Author of the *Phædra* and *Hypolitus*: We are told his Subject is the Story of the Lady *Jane Grey*, which miscarri'd in Mr. Banks's Hands, but may expect a better Fortune in Mr. Smith's.

As for *Comedies*, there's no great Expectation of any thing of that kind, since Mr. Farquhar's Death. The two Gentlemen, who would probably always succeed in the *Comick* Vein, Mr. Congreve and Capt. Steel, having Affairs of much greater Importance to take up their Time and Thoughts. And unless the *Players* write themselves, the Town must wait for Comedy till another *Genius* appears.

We have been so much sollicit'd to publish *Verse*, that we have hitherto had no Room for *Prose*; and having our *Design* always in view, the *Muses Mercury*, we think we cannot keep closer to it, than by following the Method we take. 'Twould certainly be much easier to us to fill up three or four Sheets with tedious Essays and Dissertations, and trivial *Tales* and *Novels*, but the World would not be so well satisfy'd: And we shall never print any *Prose*, but when we have such Pieces as relate either to *Poetry*, *Criticism*, or *Eloquence*.

F I N I S.